

The most lamentable Tragedie

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Titus. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that shee desires to see:
Which is it gyrl of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choise of all my Librarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, tell the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
VVhy lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge:

Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?

Puer. Grandfier tis Ouids *Metamorphosis*,
My mother gaue it mee.

Mar. For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Titus. Soft, so busilie shee turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read:
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Terens* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy,

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues,

Titus. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet gyrl?
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomie woods;
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes,

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies,

Tit. Giue signes sweet gyrl, for here are none but friends,

VVhat

of *Titus* A

VVhat Romaine Lord it was
Or slonke not *Saturnine* as *Tar*
That left the Campe to finne i

Mar. Sit downe sweet Ne
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mer*
Inspire me that I may thys trea
My Lord looke heere, looke h

He writes his Name with
with feete an

Thys sandie plot is plaine, giu
This after mee, I haue writ my
VVithout the helpe of any ha
Curst be that hart that forst vs
Write thou good Neece, and h
VVhat God will haue discoue
Heauen guide thy pen to print
That we may know the traytor

Shee takes the staffe in her m
stumps an

Oh doe yee read my Lord wh
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Marcus. What, what, the
Performers of this haynous blo

Titus. *Magni Dominator po*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam len

Mar. Oh calme thee gentl
There is enough written vpon
To stirre a mutinie in the mild
And arme the mindes of infan
My Lord kneele downe with